

THE
HORSE

AND THE

MONKEY.

A

FABLE.



HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To Mr. C—s L—s, Freeman.



D U B L I N :

Printed in the Year M D C C X L I X.

before Oct 12

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DUBLIN

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IN days of yore, when beasts could speak,
With as much ease as pigs now squeak,
And each hold converse with his brother,
And tell their thoughts to one another;
A beast of motley breed combined
Half brute, and half like human kind,
Could chatter more than all the rest,
And thence presumed he reason'd best.

A thousand antick tricks he play'd,
 And oft in manly dress array'd,
 With ruffles long, and knotted wig,
 Like man he strutted, and look'd big;
 Ropes he could dance, or streight or slack,
 Up trees could climb, or walnuts crack,
 Nay, some report he once turn'd quack.
 Could both prepare, and give a Clyster,
 Or lance a vein, or raise a blister;
 From urine too, with dextrous skill,
 A subtle spirit could distill,
 And other chymick drugs prepare,
 As famed for cure, as virtues rare,
 O what ingredients, wond'rous brute!
 Did thy sage judgment constitute,
 As these again sagacious *Pug*,
 Did constitute thy potent drug;
 O! hadst thou wisely held thy station,
 Not sought a higher occupation,
 But been content thy shop to keep,
 And into sh-shen close-stools peep,
 Thou might'st have fame and fortune wedded,
 And lived thy own and others Credit;
 But see the fate, alas! of art,
 As *Pug* one day o'ertop'd his part
 A luckless crucible by chance
 Blew up, and made the doctor dance,
 And as explosions upward fly,
 This stripp'd our chymist of an eye;
 Most think indeed, nor think in vain,
 That some effluvia reach'd the brain,

Which

Which, raging still with heat intense,
 Distract the Head, and fire the sense;
 By these inflamed, he mounts the air,
 And builds enchanted castles there,
 From whence, with pride and scornful brow,
 He views the cringing tribes below;
 Around him these in numbers throng,
 His praise resound in various song,
 And since such feats display his fame,
 Their king, the *Monkey*, they proclaim.

A gen'rous *Horse*, at pasture nigh,
 One day perceived the hideous cry,
 And curious grown to know the cause
 From whence arose such loud huzzas,
 Approach'd, and saw the burlesque scene,
 Which warm'd his mind to just disdain;
 Pug he beheld with regal air
 Look fierce, and chatter, grin, and stare,
 Boast of his noble heart and actions,
 His spirit, zeal, and daring factions;
 How oft the tyrant brutes he quell'd,
 And freedom's glorious right upheld,
 Monsters fought, grown fat with blood,
 Who robb'd the lower beasts of Food;
 And were he once with pow'r invested,
 He'd quite root out that race detested,
 His dearest brethren's wrongs repair,
 And shew how much they were his care,
 Then, *Quixot* like, with sword in hand,
 Destroy each giant in the land;

He

He therefore thought that he alone,
Was fit to mount the royal throne,
The crown assume, the scepter wield,
And range the sovereign of the field.

Thus spoke the chief and grin'd again,
The vermin fawn'd, and grin'd again,
Transports in ev'ry breast abound,
And woods and dales their shouts resound,

The farce thus o'er, the steed drew near,
And begg'd the monarch's gracious ear,
Hoped some advice he had to tender,
Tho' poor his sense, and judgment slender,
Which might promote the common glory,
And thus he spoke, as tells the story.

King *Pug*, my lord, consider well,
Before you quit your stinking cell,
Where you so oft have libels writ
Your dirt dispersed, and p—st and * * * *,
The mighty task you now assume,
Nor fill the court with base perfume;
Tho' quick your tongue, and loud your speech,
Yet shou'd you chance to turn your breech,
Your lax posteriors, much, I fear,
Would all bespatter that stood near,
And get a kick or stand a sneer.
Those frequent clysters which you gave,
Some sympathetick virtues leave,

Which

Which op'rate still with potent Iwy,
 Nor intermit by night or day;
 Your phiz too is so like to mustard,
 For want of apple-pye and custard,
 Your features all so lean and meagre,
 The eye you have so wild and eager,
 That when your subjects view your face,
 Your majesty it must disgrace,
 The Nobles high, who there assemble,
 Can ne'er their mirth or scorn dissemble,
 Your scent endure, or chat'ring bear,
 But vote you out to take fresh air;
 Some cleaner beast their king create,
 To fill the throne, and rule the state.
 Then be not rash, my lord, but weigh,
 With sense impartial, all I say,
 And sure I am you'll in the end
 Instead of loss, procure me friend;
 And you my fellow-creatures all
 I next address, both great and small,
 Elect your king some noble beast,
 Whose words this post may better be,
 Success will crown your voice,
 And beasts of rank approve your choice;
 But with a *Monkey* ne'er take part,
 Nor trust his boasts, grimace, or art,
 For should he govern, he'll confound you,
 And leave you worse than first he found you.

Thus

Thus spoke the stee'd, and hoped to find
 Some Thanks for counsel well design'd,
 But, 'stead of this, with open throat,
 The *Monkey's* friends renew their vote,
 And *Pug*, to shew his perverse mind,
 Still chatter'd, ~~fa-~~stuck, and grinn'd.

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